

TOIKE *IKE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY!

HOME COMMING ISSUE

TOIKE OIKE

19 OCTOBER 1978

SAC DOUBLES GRANT

WINTARIO GIVES \$5,000

TOIKE TO PUBLISH WEEKLY

Toronto (GUPI) — The staff of the Toike Oike, and the Executive of the Engineering Society, were quite pleased to discover this week that the Financial Committee of SAC has decided to double its grant for the Toike Oike.

The reason for this much deserved — and somewhat welcome move is thought to be the \$5,000 Wintario grant that was awarded last Monday. The government of Ontario apparently has a strong desire to increase the availability of student papers that are not run by communist chevronites or anti-Queen's Park varsityites. It is expected that the new weekly-publishing Toike will meet Canadian content regulations for nice smut portraying Engineers as lighthearted, intelligent lads. In return for the Wintario donation, the Toike will be expected to suppress information about all sizeable campaign contributions made by Mario's Bakery.

The new Toike will be replacing the Cannon. Full story on page fifteen.



... Skule vs Vic on the fateful field where St. Mikes has fared so well. Can they win the Mulock Cup for the first time in twenty years? See page four, then come to the game on Friday when the Skule meets the Mikemen on the field of combat ...

Medical History

TORONTO(APE) — A University of Toronto graduate medical student who estimates that 19 artsmen in 20 might be infertile because of pubic inadequacies has transplanted a third human testicle.

Dr. Herman Sliver said yesterday his transplant team, consisting of three medical students, including himself and a herring at the Medical Building, transferred a testicle on Thursday from one artsman to his identical twin who underwent surgery because he was infertile. One point he missed was that the donor himself was an artsman, and by definition, infertile.

Sliver said he is 99% certain the transplanted organ will produce normal amounts of sperm. Critics of the revolutionary operation state that this result will prove meaningless as the artsman lacks the capable knowledge of what is to be done with this liquid life.

The patient, who asked that his identity not be revealed (but in actual fact he is Ray Zolton Simon of 34a Baker Street, Toronto) is 23 years old and from Toronto. Another thing that the doctor overlooked was that the patient's "reproductive organs" (sic) produce female hormones and female characteristics which is normal for an artsman, and therefore his testicles wouldn't be able to produce sperm.

In the first transplant case last year, one twin had been born

without testicles and had birth to their first son shortly. Doctor Sliver has come under fire recently for his blatantly pointless operation. Moralists are quick to point out that such an operation should not be wasted on the segment of the population (artsmen) that could never benefit from it. However, one must understand that the Cannon. So far his transplanted organ has functioned normally, despite the strain put on the organ by the engineer's lifestyle. He is expecting his wife to give professional errors.



... this unfortunate animal was born without any testicles — his sex life must be inactive, for he seems to be pining away ...



... C'mon, Petey — do you always dance with Cub Scouts? She looks over eighteen, but she's not even wearing a toga ...

NEWS FLASH

Toronto (GUPI) — McDonald's of Canada has recently been attacked for selling hamburgers (Big Macs, Quarter Pounders, etc.) that have been cooked on a greasy grill with temperatures well over 200 degrees Celcius.

Hamburgers which are cooked at temperatures over 150 degrees (C) produce mutagens, which are the cancer-causing organisms attacked by Laetrille. The Canadian Ministry of Health and Welfare, in conjunction with the FDA, has discovered higher-than-acceptable levels of the

mutagens in the burgers on an order of magnitude of about six.

McDonald's were given alternate paths of action by the Ministry. The first was the marketing of Laetrille Shakes, but unfortunately the drug is illegal, and there was a foreseeable problem in obtaining the necessary ingredient of the shakes. The second, and chosen, solution is obvious: in October, McDonald's of Canada will commence the recall of 25 billion hamburgers, all varieties from 1969 to 1978.

godiva's box

Dear Box ...

I would like to take this opportunity to express my opinion (not an official opinion of anybody but me) about a subject that seems to be raising its head again: I speak of programmable calculators and their use or non-use on exams. I realize this is a very touchy topic for some people, but I think the topic needs some consideration.

In favour of programmables is the fact that they are becoming increasingly available at lower prices. When I bought my (non-programmable) calculator three years ago I paid over \$100 for it. Now programmable calculators are available for under \$100. Considering the effect of inflation, this represents a substantial price drop. I find it hard to buy the argument that student cannot afford them. We have an overworked computer terminal in the EUT, so much so that many people, after finishing their required first year course in computer science, try to never set foot in the place again. This is unfortunate because they lose the training of breaking problems into little bite size pieces that even a stupid, ignorant computer can understand. Programming a calculator is very similar: the machines are incredibly stupid. You have to tell them exactly what to do. This requires the programmer to sit down and think a problem through from start to finish before starting to do calculations, something one does not have to do using a normal calculator; therefore programmable calculators help the user to develop better problem solving techniques and habits. Also to be considered is the fact that other universities are allowing programmable

calculators (Waterloo and Queen's) and that many people are now buying two calculators: a non-programmable for exams and a programmable for the rest of the time.

Some people worry about programmables being an advantage on exams. In my experience I have yet to write an exam where I would have considered a programmable an advantage. One must remember the calculator cannot think as it is the operator who does the thinking. Apart from this it takes too long to program a key-stroke programmable for it to be of any use in an exam. This brings me to what people consider the main problem with programmables: bringing in calculators already programmed. To preprogram a solution one would almost have to know the exact form of the problem before hand. Just requiring that a different variable be calculated would render a program useless. I do not believe that card programmables should be allowed, at least not at the present time. Somebody could conceivably program every possible problem onto a stack of cards. Obviously, this would be a considerable advantage. Possibly the greatest problem would be encountered with continuous memory calculators. Here I see a need for much discussion. I think that perhaps they should not be allowed, or allowed on the condition that they be cleared with the people in charge of the exam. However, I can see no reason why a basic, non-card, non-continuous memory programmable calculator should not be allowed.

From the way things are going in the calculator business it appears that obtaining a good non-programmable machine will

become increasingly difficult in the next few years. Why not allow the use of programmables? By denying ourselves the use of programmables we are not permitting ourselves to keep up with changing technology, and the newest and best tools in our field.

It has been suggested to me by friends that perhaps the use of programmables should be phased into the system. Under such a plan next year they would be allowed in first year, the following year in first and second year, and so on. The reasoning behind this is that it would not require anybody presently enrolled in engineering to go out and buy another calculator (not that they would have to in an across the board legalization).

In summary I think that some thought should be given to the use of programmable calculators on exams, and to what classes of programmables should be allowed. Even if they are not allowed this year, the decision should be reviewed annually as prices continue to drop.

Thoughtfully Yours
Larry Funnell

Dearest Godiva (& Box)

This is the third Toike makeup of the term. What has happened, eh? It's already past eight and we are all still starving! Mike (the ed) is doing nothing but tossing around paper airplanes. Two horny people are committing unnatural acts with a typewriter. Where's all the fun, sex, and food that have been promised, eh? All we have are idiots drinking beer (T equals 298K, hardly cool enough), clods writing the stories and scoops in this issue, and the pizza isn't even here yet!

Look, Godiva, this is the tenth time I have offered myself to the Toike by being here, but it might as well be my last! Lord, I'm actually going bonkers.

Okay, that does it. Three twerps are playing with a light bulb. I might as well defect to the Varsity.

Yours sincerely,
Royal Outcast 8T1

Dear "Royal Outcast"

If you will take the time to

notice, it has been widely publicized in the last two issues of the Toike that the Roto is dead. Since you are dead, this letter which you have sent is an obvious forgery. The last line gives a hint that this is a clever attempt of an established newspaper (or rag) to undermine Toike operations.

Go back to your grave.

Love always,
Godiva

Dear Godiva

Please settle an argument between a friend of mine and myself. Is it true that if you cross a pharmacist with an artiste a phartsie will result?

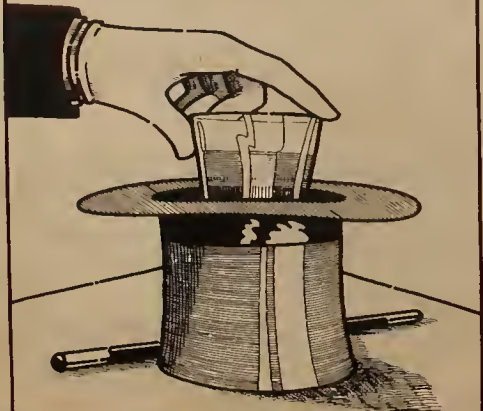
Signed,
Curious and Friend

Dear C & F

Yes it is true; but not only will a phartsie result, but also you will be faced with an anomaly that refuses to remain dead. The hybrid will rate a BA.

Godiva's Box is the only official correspondence forum for the Toike Oike. It is fairly simple to discern the serious letters from those supplied to brighten the day. Submissions must be signed if not delivered personally in order to be printed. Anonymity will be preserved if requested. If we don't get enough real letters, we steal from other people.

A trick shot



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The Toike Oike is published every now and then in the interests of the Engineering Undergraduates in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. We aren't really funded by anyone.

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"... qu'ils mangent de la brioche!" Marie Antoinette, 1789

EDITORIAL PAGE

The Students Fight Back

In the past, when the staff of the Toike thought it necessary to take a stand on an issue, a parody or satire was produced, and the point made through ridicule. Unfortunately, it is not possible to take such a stand with the past, present and predicted actions of the militant Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW), the York University Staff Association (YUSA) and the University of Toronto Staff Association (UTSA).

The current situation at the Post Office is undesirable. That is the only point upon which both sides can agree, and understandably so. The CUPW (inside postal workers) currently are making more money than they are worth, and they want a phenomenal increase and a list of sugary benefits which make us sick. How can one agree to give those useless twerps more money, when one cannot even justify the amount they now receive?

Consider the day of an inside postal worker. He arrives at work somewhere near the time he is supposed to, and promptly begins his coffee break. A (substantial) while later, he ambles over to his post where he sorts 25% of the mail in correct order, 45% of the mail in random order, and the remainder into the pile of mail accumulating from all the days he has worked there. Later that day, he will pick a few lucky letters from that pile and send them on their way, just to set his conscience free. After this, the first half of his already too short shift is over, and it is time to take his prolonged lunch break at the company pub.

The worker returns from lunch better oiled than the LGMB at a football game, and it is time for him to play Postal Football. His team gathers over at the Parcel Post area, selecting their ball from the parcels with the most "Fragile" and "Handle With Care" stickers on them. The game is played until the parcels of both teams are destroyed. The parcels are returned to their piles marked "Accidentally Destroyed" and delivered sometime in the future.

Could you really see yourself paying an employee to do this? The answer to that rhetorical question is "No!", yet the incidents in the little story are true, and happen frequently, if not constantly. The CUPW has the public at its mercy, whether on strike or not. It is time for the CUPW to grow up, and give up its infantile actions and childish greed.

Perhaps the irresponsible actions of the CUPW in the past that have heightened public opinions against strikes, but in any case, a strike by the UTSA would be so undesirable that we are willing to take great actions against the soon-to-be strikers. The strike at York proved only one



point: that the members of YUSA are utterly irresponsible. We can only hope that the members of UTSA are of a somewhat higher calibre, and don't pull the same stunt.

The members of both staff associations (indeed of all unions) are paid to do a job. If they somehow cease to perform their function, why should they not be fired? Sure, they have a legal right to walk out, but does that also mean that we have a right to fight back? We think that we do, and we will, if necessary. In fact, we should be able to retaliate in any strike; if not, the argument becomes overpoweringly one-sided. That is not the purpose of a strike: a strike should be a method for both sides to come to a compromise.

What really is so hypocritical about it all is that the UTSA, the YUSA, and the Varsity are maintaining that the strikes by the staff workers are all for the good of the students! "Cutbacks! Cutbacks!" cries Varsity Editor George Cook. "Their fight, which is essentially against cutbacks, is ours."

Ha!

We can only hope that all those misled left-wing lunatic fringe people who carry the Cutbacks banner will somehow disappear. If not, we are about to be in some very big trouble. It is time for all to realize that cutbacks are necessary. Yes, necessary. We have gone on running about, spending unwisely everywhere, for too long.

To quote the Varsity (admittedly, out of context): "Were we to show the administration and the government that we too have had enough, the stage would be set for further action against the erosion of the quality of education in Ontario." It is time for us to rise up, to support cutbacks and squash the impending strike by the UTSA.

MOOSEHEAD

PAUL K. T.—Random Access Mammaries with 32K bytes all over them.

GLORIA—Only the good die young.

BILL M.—Starkman is still a doorknob and Newman's even uglier!

FOREST MOZO—Kreao'neef: You figure that out, eh, before you go bonkers.

WENDY—Heaven can wait until the next intermission.

BJORNCUS THE NERD—Anonymous

OTIS FUDPUCKER—Snatch McGatch is not a breakfast food! But wouldn't it be nice if...

REID—I never really bit a snake!

S.E.C.S.—Et tu, Brutus.

BRUTUS—Aren't I queer??

BRUTUS—f admit the truth — Julius was queer!

TIGGER—Aren't I queer??

THE GREMLIN—The truth is finally admitted.

CLAUDIA—Combat boots militarily dedicated to Wilf.

ROTO—(once dead) AWKAFM

ASS ED—I heard it before. Everyone's smarts.

MIKEY—You're only AEIT!

REDDY—If you liked my paper, try my elevators!

SUE S.—Hello to Rose G. (Grizzly) at Scarberia.

OLAUGH—Da Pissa was Gud!

JYMMI EM—We hated Kansas and Oz, and so we damaged them.

DAVE BOWDEN—f'm going to count to three and then I'll get violent.

ANNE CARNEGIE—OH...I LOVE IT.

JACKY—U of T has its own Animal House

THE GREMLIN—...called the Toike.

STEVE M.T.—Paul really did hork.

ROB F! NOVO—(AWKDF!WAP) Dear Cleet... we are falling into sin...

GIGGLES—no ad this time, hut tell 100¢ thank yous

ERIC—you know that I care

SNEAKEY—SIX—SYSTEMS—Iwonder?

MR. & MRS. SPEAR—We didn't cum!

BARRY LAY—During what occasion?

LARRY BAY—How cum?

CARRY AWAY—I saw one move!

ASS ED II—Aw shit

FANTYPE—I'm cool, are you?

THE GREMLIN—No way! I've got hot flashes(!)

I.G. de B.—Hot child in the city

PETER—I'm in Love and nothing bothers me. I hope.

LARCH—CUPWimps suck shit!

DIANA K.—Goddamned Latvians.

JOHN K.—Glad I didn't marry one.

THE ED.—Trog: The Nerd says hello. Hello!

THE INSTALLATION OF A PRESIDENT

While other papers at the U of T have been content to present a text of Dr. Ham's installation speech, or a commentary of the events on the day of installation, or a combination of the two, we have decided to be substantially different. Wishing to be completely innovative, we are refraining from publishing any pictures of the event, or a copy

of the speech, or a commentary of the events. We feel that the student have already been saturated with such, and we are presenting the song which was composed for President Ham for Skule Nite 7T8, and sung during Skule Nite, and at President Ham's installation ceremonies by the harmonious voices of the Lady Godiva Memorable Singers.

JOIKE

A while ago, two female artsies we know were travelling around Canada. After leaving Toronto, they had passed through Quebec and were on the road somewhere just east of Quebec City when they were pulled over by an officer of

the OPP. As the constable walked along the road he noticed that his fly was undone. Doing it up, he continued on towards the gurls' car. Seeing this, the girl driving remarked, "Oh, no, not another breathalyzer test!"

We'll follow the old boy wherever he wants to go,
From SPS to Simcoe,
We're behind him and he knows that
We'll follow the old boy wherever he wants to go,
As long as he doesn't interrupt the show.

Because we love him,
We love him —
He's still our Ham the Dean,
No matter where he may be,
And we'll put a car in his office if he wants —
'Cause he's the President of the University.

And we'll put a car in his office if he wants —
'Cause he's the President of the University.

T*IKE J*IKES

A beautiful and well endowed nurse found herself lost deep in the woods and didn't know what to do. Fortunately, along came an engineer on a horse and dutifully offered the distressed young lady a lift. The nurse was then instructed to mount the engineer's steed and to hold on, so she wrapped her arms around him and held onto his horn. The young lady was very relieved to have a hold since it was a very bumpy ride back. Immediately after dismounting she confronted another nurse whom she told that she got a lift from the engineer on the horse and that she had stayed on by holding on to his saddle horn. Dismayed, the other nurse remarked that the engineer had been riding the horse bare back.

One day an engineer was out to buy shampoo so he walked into the nearest drugstore. Upon entering he found a beautiful young pharmacist behind the counter. Said the engineer "I would like a shampoo that is not harmful to my hair." "Balsam?", inquired the young lady. "Later", replied the engineer, "first I'd like the shampoo."

Last year at the MMS annual dinner a terrible atrocity occurred. First it was to be a steak dinner and only 5 steaks were cooked. Fortunately, the club has but 4 members, during the course of the dinner all were served and the remaining steak was left in the middle of the massive bridge/dinner table. When all were finished their portion they eyed the remaining steak but were too shy to reach for it. Suddenly it happened - one of the four dropped his fork when the lights went out, a blood curdling scream pierced the darkness. When the lights came back on blood was gushing from a deep wound in an MMS with three forks in his hand!

A certain young and well-endowed pharmacist, with tremendous natural resources, went to the doctor's one day.

Before she had a chance to explain her problem, the doctor said, "Oh, yes, miss. I can see your problem immediately. Please take off all your clothes and I'll fix you right up."

After she had performed the required action (for the good of her own health) the doctor began to play with her tits. "Do you know what I'm doing?" he asked his voluptuous young patient.

"Oh, yes, doctor," she replied. "You're checking for cancerous lumps."

"Very good!" said the doctor, and he proceeded to fathom her belly button. (How unusual!) "Do you know what I'm doing now?"

"Oh yes! You're making sure that my appendix isn't flamed." The doctor then ripped off his clothes, jumped onto the examining table, and made made, passionate love to the girl.

"Do you realize what I'm doing now?" he queried.

"Yes, doctor. You're catching VD, and that's what I came to see you about."

A geological engineer, while taking sand samples in the middle of the desert, saw two artsmen approaching with car doors. Stopping them, he enquired of one, "Why are you running around in the desert holding car doors?"

"Because", replied the artsie, "it's hot in the desert and this is so I can roll down the windows." "Oh, then why has your friend got his window up?", furthered the geological. Puzzled, the artsmen replied, "Air conditioning!"

President Ham's Installation Address

as transcribed by Otis Fudpucker

Good afternoon, gentlemen, and ladies. For hundreds of years, women have expressed their opinions of direct discrimination by men; however, no complaints have been made regarding the discriminatory design of physical objects. I think it is about time something was said, so... Men — how long will we put up with having our sexual lives placed in peril daily, merely because we are endowed in a way that women aren't?

Have you ever taken a close look at a washroom or a bathroom and noticed that the lid on a toilet, when adorned with a plush cover, is certain to swoop down at the most inopportune moments? Some will claim that the danger can be eliminated by the installation of a urinal, but the design of those boogers is also optimised for maximum inconvenience. The long urinals are specifically made to take advantage of the kinetic energy built up in the fall so that they can throw it all back on your feet. The small ones are designed to bounce as much as is possible back into your pants, and to make your attempt to relieve yourself so difficult that it is necessary to lean so far forward that if you don't baptize your balls, you don't have any!

These remarks about washrooms apply only if you assume that you are taking your leak with a flaccid tool. Trying to piss with a hardon is something only three types of people can do: a) a masochist, who will bend his dode in half, b) an acrobat, who can stand on his head to have a whizz, and c) an Eng Sci, who will piss into a cup and transfer it. The rest of us must stand at what we think is a reasonable distance and try to arc it in. The dangers in the can don't end there — oh, not — note, for instance, that the sink, which is always the same temperature as liquid nitrogen, is always the same height as your dork. That way, you can knock yourself, be frozen, and spend the rest of the day waiting for the

agony to start.

Thus far, I have limited my complaints to the john, but it doesn't end there, nor that easily. Another classic example would be the way your clothes get you as a team. The underwear that most men wear have these stupid slits in them. WHAT ARE THEY FOR? They can't be for renching for your prick, unless yours has the normal diameter of a pubic hair. The most annoying and interesting thing about them is that when some voluptuous thing walks by, the slit always manages to guide your cock out to where the zipper in your pants can mutilate your foreskin as the schmuck rises notch by notch. Other common day items that discriminate against men include the turnstile. This fiendish little device will either bash your balls right in with the blunt end, broadsides them with the bar, or attempt to rip them off entirely when whirling around.

The car is another discriminatory object. The trunk of a car is always made so that it is necessary to lean over to shut it, and the thing is always ready to take your genitals with it. The steering wheel is made so that it is always ready to claim your manhood when ever you climb in, if extreme care is not exercised. The seatbelt buckle can always manage to rest just so nicely upon your scrotum, eager to press your balls into a two-dimensional plane. This seems to have been a risky method of subordination, since not all men wear their seatbelts, and those responsible have now made a bid to be even more diabolical by introducing air bags that will automatically punch you in the nuts, given the slightest provocation.

Brothers, we must take notice of these despicable hazards that are deliberately against our entire gender. This type of outrageous treatment must stop, and we must unite to eliminate these and all the other discriminatory items so that the world might be safe for all men, and our sons, whose nuts have yet to drop.

THE WIZARD OF OBS

The sun shone brilliantly down on the golden fields of Kansas wheat. Wobbling uncertainly down a pock-marked country road, a small black mongrel, with a syringe in one forepaw and a tourniquet around the other, appeared as a blotch on the horizon.

Behind him, humming quietly to herself, walked the dog's master, Dorothy Trollop kept herself amused by kicking the nearly comatose animal homeward.

"It's beautiful here in Kansas, isn't it Dope?" she gushed gleefully. Her neanderthal-like musings were suddenly cut short by an angered voice.

"If I catch that canine pin-cushion in my poppy patch again, I'll cram him into a Moulinex!" cried the mean, miserable, sickening, ugly, witch-like, hook-nosed, pus-ridden, bile-spewing spinster Mrs. Daphne Violet.

"And if he ever knocks on the door just so he can retch on my carpet again, I'll tear his liver out!" she howled, spraying saliva in all directions.

"Dope's a nice dog, he'd never do that to anyone!" Dorothy smiled, flashing the sun off well over \$2,000 worth of braces, catching Mrs. Violet unawares as her retinas were fused to the back of her skull.

"Oops, silly me!" Dorothy giggled girlishly at the already decomposing heap of wasted protein.

"C'mon, Dope, let's run home," she bubbled, and dopo kicked the dog 28 yards into a hedge. Upon reaching home, she flicked Dope head over heels into the pig pen. He no sooner splattered into the muck than he was gang raped by the pigs.

"Hi, I'm home, you old rat-bags!" Dorothy twittered sweetly amidst squeals of delight from the pig sty.

"And don't forget, you'll both be dying soon!" Dorothy dutifully reminded her aging Auntie Gravity and Uncle Smegma.

"And who'll beat you awake in the mornings?" her Uncle sputtered, suddenly losing his suppository, and clutching his heart at a renewed stab of Anginal pain.

"Shut your noise, you old fool," Auntie Grav said, and turned his pacemaker up to 3,000 beats per minute. Uncle Smegma turned a ghastly shade of scarlet as the top of his head blew off.

"Don't blow your stack, Uncle Smegma!" Dorothy quipped light-heartedly as her Uncle thrashed about the floor like a wild firehose. Her Auntie Gravity laughed so hard that she lost control of her bowels and sprayed the unsuspecting Dope against the wall.

Just then, her Uncle's two farmhands Zeb and Jethro walked through the wall.

"I think I heard an explosion," Zeb grunted, doing much better since he was fitted with an orthopedic pick axe through his skull. "Excuse me, I'm going to put my head in a vise," Jethro vomited, suddenly falling through the floor.

"Now that I've got you all together, I want to tell you that I'm pregnant, but I don't know who or what is the father,"

Dorothy said. Zeb laughed, Jethro chuckled, and Uncle Smegma decomposed, while a bull, three pigs and a rooster began denying it profusely.

"You wait right here, Dorothy," Auntie Grav said, and went to the closet. Returning with a coat hanger, spatula, plumber's snake and roto-rooter, she said, "Don't you worry dearie, I'll have it out in a jiffy...with a jiffy."

"Oh boy," Zeb hypothesized, and immediately forgot.

"No thank you, Auntie. You must remember, you're no longer on the Auschwitz Obstetrics Team," Dorothy reminded.

"I'd much prefer seeing a real Wizard of OBStetrics. I want to keep this one, and have a proper delivery. Block and Tackle is just no way to bring a baby into this world," she spewed.

Suddenly, the skies blackened and an ominous wind rose from the west. Heavy pelting rains spattered the golden fields of wheat, beating it to the ground, devastating the crop and flooding the plain. Lightning crackled and slashed the dark night veil, while thunder boomed with a resounding crash, blowing the windows out of Dorothy's house. Tremors from deep in the earth suddenly shook the land, violently quaking the entire house. Gales of hurricane force ripped shingles off the roof one by one, and the whole frame threatened to be uprooted from the very ground.

Fortunately, the excellent construction and solid foundation proved to be more than a match for the storm, and the house stayed put. However, the sudden fierceness of the situation overwhelmed Dorothy and she fell backwards in a faint, right onto a hypo full of Dope's Alpo Plus. The dog, nearly reaching consciousness, grasped frantically for his syringe, and managed to inject some low boiling hydrocarbons into a spare vein. The two of them, more full of narcotics than a bottle of Morphine, lapsed into sublethal narcosis. Dorothy suddenly sputtered "I must see the Wizard" before voiding her bladder.

While the family and help were cowering from the elements in the root cellar, the storm reached its peak. It culminated in a blinding flash as a 15 billion watt lightning bolt wiped the cellar and its occupants out of existence, and simultaneously created a rend in the fabric of space.

The Enterprise appeared momentarily, grounded in the muddy field behind the house.

"Get her out of here, Chekov!" Kirk roared menacingly, as the rear wheels spun in the mud before vanishing.

In those brief seconds, a multi-dimensional space-time warp transported Obs, Dorothy and Dope into null space.

"I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Dope," Dorothy deduced, burning out the back half of her brain.

"Urff," Dope gurgled, pushing a syringe of Promethazine into his eye.

Suddenly, a gaggle of wee people, known as the Munchies surrounded the newcomers.

Dope, rubbing his bloodshot eyes, came to the horrifying conclusion that he might be perceiving reality. He filled a needle with a random sampling of various alkaloids poisoning his cardiac needle above his aorta, Dope prepared himself for one more blast of dysphoria when the Wicked Narc of the West appeared, brandishing twelve warrants for Dope's arrest for every conceivable narcotic offence on the books.

Dope stumbled as usual, plunging the needle deep into the Narc's thoracic cavity, instantly embalming him. The Munchies immediately broke into joyous celebrations, with minimal necrophilic overtones.

The head munchie, looking incredibly like David Crumble, presented Dorothy with the crowbar to the city.

"Oh, thank you ever so much," Dorothy said, impaling three munchies with her spiked heels.

"It's what I've always wanted!" she said, carelessly tossing it aside. Dope snatched it up and

tried to inject, smoke, snort and drink it before finally giving up and beating himself senseless with it.

"You'll kill yourself one day, if you're careful," Dorothy admonished, though rather incorrectly.

"The clap will get you first, you slum for degenerate spirochetes," Dope muttered.

Intent on strangling the canine coke fiend, Dorothy was halted in her tracks by the sight of an apparition in pink crimpolene and ostrich feathers. The munchies even halted (for an instant) their dismemberment of the deceased narc. Except for some continual chewing noises, everyone stood in awe of this mincing gay bar loiterer.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," Dorothy said, "But I'm looking for the Wizard of Obs."

"I'm not a ma'am, you catty little harlot! But anyway, go the Sequined City and tell them Bruce sent you. They say that the Wiz keeps a mixmaster and a jar of novacain in the closet if that's

what you're after," said the Good Fairy of the Weft, glancing at Dorothy's swelling abdomen. Dorothy farted and the swelling decreased. The good Fairy, seeing that Dope was the only man among them, (and he was unconscious) decided to prance happily away singing: "Short people got no rea..." He was stopped in mid sentence by a crowbar set off for the Wizard. The angered munchies set upon him and beat him into filet mignon with the claw end of the crowbar.

"Goddam vicious little buggers!" Dorothy said.

"Let's go Dope!" she said, dragging the furry pulp Obsward by his distended tongue. And so Dorothy set off for the Wizard, following the Yelooow Brich Road into the sunset. The sun slowly disappeared, and darkness concealed the hideous atrocities that the munchies perpetrated upon he decaying narc.

To be continued.



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The nursing-nearly-phallic float. The CKMB liked riding on it ...



A perturbed, and very wet, head.

THE HOMECUMMING PARADE



The dynamic duo (playing with balloons!?)

by larch

On the morning of Saturday, October 14th, as dawn rose over the edge of Varsity Stadium, the sun, filtered through clouds, smog, and rain, was almost able to silhouette the shapes of partially and uncompleted Homecumming Floats. Later that morning (not really later — actually, pretty early for most of us) saw the first bodies, and then more, putting the final

touches on, and in some cases, assembling, their floats.

Though the day was utterly dismal, spirits were high among the participants, with Engineering presenting the most liquid float, and Victoria College presenting the most drunken float. Nursing had a (lamentably) dry float.

The procession of the parade went virtually without trouble until the very end, when the entire proceedings were halted by a blockade arranged by Mario's Bakery (yes, Virginia, those nasty people do exist). During the course of the proceedings, it was revealed that Mario's Bakery had actually kidnapped the wife of our new University President. The evidence was the return of Mrs. Ham. The BFC Chiefs from the classes of 178T3 and 90T8 were also on hand to assist in the swearing-in of President Ham, and the Official Seal of Mario's Bakery made the swearing-in official. After their

ceremony, the henchmen of the Bakery made good their escape to Newark in their (rented) limousine.

After this exciting event of the day, the judges were forced to view the various floats on their way by.

The floats were numerous and varied. The Engineering float, a masterpiece of thought and design, consisted of a model of the Cannon, a massive Engineering Society crest, and a scale model of the head of Dr. J.M.Ham. His eyes are blue, if anyone wants to know. The intention, as on most floats, was to be a tribute to Dr. Ham: the Engineering Society crest was a



Jim, you're a fine upstanding family man. Take your wife ... as a matter of fact, we did!



THE TENTH PRESIDENT OF THE U OF T



The official hymn of Mario's Bakery was officially broken to officially begin Dr. J.M. Ham's term as President of the University of Toronto.



The majestic Skule float leads the procession.



How to arrive fashionably late for a parade ...



Mild-mannered terminal illness suddenly becomes — the UofT.

The Winnah! (and look at all those cuties!!)



symbol of his involvement with the Faculty as Chairman of the Electrical Engineering Department, the Cannon is a replica (larger than life) of the one presented to Dr. Ham when he was Dean of the Faculty, and the bust, less shoulders, depicted Dr. Ham as he is now, the President of the University.

Nursing demonstrated their knowledge of biology by constructing a large (but not to scale) model of a hog. The symbolism of their float in general was quite evident, but we are still wondering why the pig had a syringe up its rectum. Any explanation? Dr. Ham himself was heard to remark after the second pass of the Nursing float (after voting had been completed) that he had just figured out that there was a hog on the float?! Unfortunately, at that time he incorrectly identified the syringe as a thermometer. The charm of the Nursing float was evident, as the members of the CKMB decided to ride on it rather than the Engineering Float.

Knox demonstrated that it feels

able to take over the world and send it along a Russo-Communitic path with its depiction of an 'Animal Farm'. The phrase 'All animals are equal, but Knox animals are more equal than others' aptly demonstrated that. Rehab Medicine gets a cookie for having the most lighthearted float, and Forestry wins the Most Incomplete Float Award. Vic's Pub Float and Erindale's Green Machine deserve some comment, and this was it.

In the competition for the Homecoming Parade float winner, the runners-up were the highly political float from Knox and the neat little float from Rehab Medicine. The first place float was the one from Pharmacy, featuring a family of little pigs jumping up and down and singing a cute little Hamsong. As opposed to an Animal Farm, this float was a Pig Farm.

The Engineering Float was once again disqualified, for the following reasons: Skule had the most respectable float; the CKMB resided for most of the parade on the Nursing Float; and the panel of judges had been stacked.

Men in Engineering Crumpets and Tea Party



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Provincial Government Follows Supermarket Chains

In an effort to stem the soaring cost of education the provincial government has decided to introduce 'no-name' engineering course outlines.

It's basically a "No-frills" concept. Faculty at the universities are to be hired on a day-to-day basis at the current minimum wage. To cut costs on books, libraries will be replaced by corner stores which will carry an enlarged selection of Popular Mechanics, Electronics Today, and similar technical publications. The equipment necessary for experiments will be purchased through local Canadian Tire and Radio Shack outlets.

Already negotiations are under way for the purchase of an undisclosed number of Commodore PET microcomputers to replace the larger, more costly existing systems.

Textbooks will be available at

selected small bookstores, and should be available in prices ranging from 50¢ to \$9.00 with two Cheerios box tops, or 500 to 6000 Popsicle Pete coupons.

When asked about the benefits of the new system, the Minister of Education, Bette Stephenson, replied, "The Program has already been tested, quite extensively, for the past five years at Queen's and Waterloo. In spite of the somewhat lower average IQ of the students, the program has been an unqualified success." She declined to say if the program would be implemented at the U of T, preferring to leave that to future press conference from Brazil.

When asked to comment on his reaction to no-name engineering by this no-name reporter, Dean Etkin replied, "The one on the right is definitely Pepsi-Cola."

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MORE box

Dearest Box:

We, the "incredible decent-looking" women of Pharmacy wish to recognize, at long last, your acknowledgement of our presence (You're only five years behind the Med's and Dent's). However, we think you will find the opening of your eyes a much "worthwhile" experience.

We anxiously (sp?) await future "interactions" with you.

Yours truly

The women of Pharmacy

Dear Mama Godiva,

Here I am, in Engineering. I ask myself, "What the Hell am I doing here?" I miss my Mummy's cooking, and I find myself alienated from my fellow classmates. The first week, my pipette overloaded with 12 M HCl and I creamed off the excess. Added to that, my Graphics teacher couldn't read my drawings, as they were covered with lead shavings. And my peers hate my guts because I actually stayed awake in my Calculus and English lectures.

I am new to this sort of system. I am writing, not to ask for your advice, but to extend my condolences to myself.

Signed,

Melvin Poindexter.

Dear Melvin (you snot),

It is painfully obvious that you are not made out to be an Engineer. You did not ask for my advice, but I'm going to give it to you, anyway.

Get the hell out of here, before you're run out of town.

Liebe Frau Godiva,

I would like to respond to an article that appeared in the FIROSH issue. I am referring, of course, to the page devoted to that revered brew, BEER. Very inspiring. I've tested the suggestions offered (quite objectively, naturally) and some additional ideas and changes have been fermenting in my mind.

First of all, how could you be so narrow-minded in your section on 'How To Consume The Godly Brew'? You took so many variables for granted. Take the drinking vessel, for example. For the sophisticated jet-setter alcoholic, a clay stein or a chilled mug is mandatory; however for the average Blue-collar worker, straight from the bottle is acceptable, and for the supermacho look, from the can is preferable (rather than using the zip-top, try biting into the can, it's a real crowd pleaser). The typical poverty stricken student can usually be found slurping up spilled beer and sniffing discarded caps.

Another neglected area is that of the rate of consumption. There are three major classifications here: The Sip, The Chug and The Shotgun. The Sip is the most common technique, taking from five minutes to half an hour, after which the beer becomes warm and undergoes a transformation into rodent piss. The Chug, my speciality, has two major subheadings, Chug-a-jug (bottle) and Chug-a-mug. Standard times are 7 and 5 seconds respectively. The Shotgun is an art. A can of beer and a can-opener are required. The can is

held sideways and is pierced on the bottom side opposite the zip-top. The mouth is held over while opening to catch the spray. Then a little suction is applied and the tongue is held over the hole. The can is held upright, opened at the top, tongue removed and presto! no beer. Time: 2 to 3 seconds. AMEN. Warning: beginners should have a pail, toilet or artsie nearby.

You smugly assert that beer should be poured with as much head as possible to savour the aroma. This repeatedly causes the familiar 'wear-a-moustache' look, which drips down the cheeks and chin, very passe. Even more important, the foam evaporates at a much quicker rate (creating the aroma) and, to most penny pinching students, this is wasteful since every drop counts.

In conclusion I must say

Lager, Port, Pilsner and Ale,
Always bring joy and laughter,
But alas, without a fail,
Theres got to be a morning after.

SKOL!

Ray Schulze
COMMERCE

Dear Official Correspondence Forum,

As a dumb law student I regard the intellectual accomplishments of your paper and faculty with the utmost respect. I know you're Flushing with pride at the moment; tell me, though, (since I'm having problems in my law classes) is bestiality merely an illegal form of petting?

All the best
Mr. Sandy Davidson

Dearest Godiva:

As a well known patron of the Arts (at U of T) I am writing to express my concern with the actions of a well known film society at U of T. Hereinafter to be referred to as AWKFS at U of T. Not only do their garish fluorescent posters, found on every lamp post and mail box on campus, set my lower hairs on end but to advertise my favourite "Johnny Ravalta" film and then run a 3rd rate disco film in its place makes me want to retch on the collective heads of AWKFS at U of T. (That is of course, assuming that they have head(s).) Rumour has it that in trying to keep up their collective macho fronts they proved themselves by ripping apart the screen in the Med Sci Auditorium. Not satisfied with this heroic caper they went on to capture and occupy the same room the following week, forcing those of us who attend the films you don't have to pay for, to cram into a small classroom in Med Sci.

On top of this, my fellow art patrons might like to know that AWKFS at U of T was able to send its collective head off to Europe for the summer on the windfall profits made from last year's operation.

Using a term borrowed from the Varshitty — Let the Student Pay! In my opinion AWKFS at U of T SUCKS.

Yours artistically
SHIELDS BROOK

Dear Godiva,

Everybody is making such a goddamned fuss about national unity these days, so me, I figure I'd do my part. I decided to try to become bilingual. At one time I

thought that meant being able to

eat two girls at once. Anyway, I registered for this course, FRE 161. I walk in the first day and I look at the prof. Sacre blew!! I almost got out my french letter right there and then. I figure with a babe like that teaching the course we'll really learn about French conjugation.

Phooee! So far I haven't learned one useful phrase. Can I say, "Where is the nearest whorehouse?" or "How much for a blowjob?" No, but I'll never be at a loss to ask where I can get a doctor for my pet yak. Well as they say in the old country, "Fuck it!" If they want to save this country they'll have to do it without me.

Yours Truly,

John Diefenbaker

Dear Toike Oike:

I am a FIROSH and an Artsie (apparently a double no-quick and adept enough to no) but I didn't think you would handle a swift transfer to a trash mind hearing from one of us receptacle. Those who won't blow-hards just once.

Well anyway, I think the Toike convinced by a quick trip to the Oike is terrific and I don't understand what all thelisten. hullaaloo is about. After all, I will be holding another V-the Toike is so versatile — even seminar at the next Toike more so than Handiwipes. It has thousands of uses: a bra stuffer, toilet paper (God knows, the real stuff ain't much better!) or, if worst comes to worst, you can even read it!

So, to all those people who consider it to be pornographic, vulgar, and just a piece of dog shit, SIT ON IT! You are all just full of hot air (gas?) anyway.

Yours truly,
A.F. 8T2
PS — Who was that Babe on the front page of the September 28 issue?

Dearest Box, How are you? I am Fine. I would like to congratulate you on a Toike well done. It was well executed and carried off with finesse. (Ed's Note — Probably because you weren't there!)

Except for the fact that it was lacking pictures of myself, and not enough porno shots, it once more surpassed all the other university publications.

It is much to my dismay that SAC has continued to allow the mass production of waste paper. This is, for the plebeian hordes, the Vars(h)ity. A word of warning for those who have not picked up one of these is: Don't.

If there is something of use (a coupon) in an issue you will be told by one who is experienced in handling this rag. It takes years of training under a master to learn the correct approach to this unemable horror. Your best bet at the moment is not to approach them. By the end of the year we should have you

quick and adept enough to handle a swift transfer to a trash mind hearing from one of us receptacle. Those who won't heed my words should be convinced by a quick trip to the Oike is terrific and I don't understand what all thelisten. hullaaloo is about. After all, I will be holding another V-the Toike is so versatile — even seminar at the next Toike more so than Handiwipes. It has thousands of uses: a bra stuffer, toilet paper (God knows, the real stuff ain't much better!) or, if worst comes to worst, you can even read it!

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Yours truly,
A.F. 8T2
PS — Who was that Babe on the front page of the September 28 issue?

With the political situation being the way it is, the Turkish government is concerned about the Russians attacking them from the rear. It's not so much the attack from the rear they're worried about, but they're wondering if Greece will help.



Isn't it the best beer you've ever tasted?

SPORTOIKE

ENGINEERING PLACES SECOND TRACK IN

by Derek Samaroo
Track and Field Commissioner

The annual co-ed Interfaculty Track and Field Meet was held on Tuesday, October 3 at Varsity Stadium. The Engineering Team placed a very close second to the Physical Education Team, losing by six points in the official final score, PHE 119, ENG 113.

The excellent performance can be attributed to those athletes who competed in the multiple events. Carlo Di Fillipo was a double winner, in the 100 and 200 meters, and the anchor man on the second place 4x110 relay team. Craig Stevenson demonstrated his prowess by capturing the 800 M in 1:59.1.

He was also second in the 400 M, fourth in the 1500 M, on the second place 4x110 team, and on the first place 4x400 M team. Tim Piper placed second in the 5000 M, fourth in the 110 M high hurdles, and fifth in the 1500 M.

There was one female engineer who competed in the Women's Division. Collett Taylor won the shot put with a toss of 11.55 M.

The class which had the greatest number of participants at the meet was IND 719. All eleven members from that class will share in the \$25 prize. A list of Engineering competitors is as follows:

110 High Hurdles			4x100 Metre Relay		
4	Tim Piper	19.5 sec.	2	(Scott Dykes, Carlo Di Fillipo)	0:49
5	Mike Pischer	21.8 sec.		Craig Stevenson, Derek Samaroo)	
100 Metres			4x400 Metre Relay		
1	Carlo Di Fillipo	11.0 sec.	1	(John McNab, Marko Janischewsky,	Craig Stevenson, Scott Dykes)
	John Le Pard				
200 Metres			Long Jump		
1	Carlo Di Fillipo	22.4 sec.	6	Marko Janischewsky	5.16 M
400 Metres			Javelin		
2	Craig Stevenson	54.2 sec.	5	Howard Simon	37.25 M
5	Marko Janischewsky	56.5 sec.	8	Chris Mifflin	32.28 M
800 Metres			10	Brian Cann	28.42 M
1	Craig Stevenson	1:59.1	11	Chris Whitstock	27.30 M
4	Scott Dykes	2:05.7	13	Andrew MacKay	25.27 M
5	Marko Janischewsky	2:12		Derek Fisher	fault
1500 Metres			High Jump		
2	Scott Dykes	4:16	3	Mike Pischer	1.65 M
4	Craig Stevenson	4:20	Triple Jump		
5	Tim Piper	4:30	4	Marko Janischewsky	10.58 M
8	Tim Maryon	5:07	5	Bill Hutton	10.37 M
5000 Metres				Bob Hill	
2	Tim Piper	15:48	WOMEN		
	Scott Tutor		Shot put		
	Glen Matsuba		1	Collett Taylor	11.55 M
10000 Metres			Javelin		
3	Derek Samaroo	35:38		Collett Taylor	fault
	Malcolm Mackenzie				



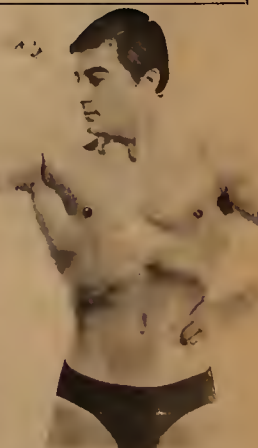
We major in taste.



(Everything you've heard about BRADOR is true)

TOUCH FOOTBALL

The Annual Engineering touch football tournament was held last weekend with only four teams trying for the \$25 first prize and \$15 second prize. The teams entered were Eng Sci I, Chinese Engineering, Mean Machine, and Team Death. As everyone knows, you can't beat death and sure enough Team Death came out on top. The final game pitted Team Death, winner of the semi-final over Eng Sci I, against the powerful Mean Machine. After a bye in the opening round of the playoffs the Mean Machine was rested and soon rolled up a 7-0 lead. After that, Team Death killed the Mean Machine offense and eventually scored a second half



T.D., tying the score 7-7. At the end of regulation time the score was still tied and it was not until the second overtime period that Death finally prevailed with a touchdown by dangerous receiver John Skrypek.

THE E.A.A.

The Engineering Athletic Association is responsible within the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering for all sports activities recognized by the University of Toronto Athletic Association (UTAA). We encourage the participation of engineers at all levels, whether they be at intermediate, interfaculty, or intercollegiate. The students of this faculty, as represented by the EAA, recognize achievements of our

athletes with 'S'-points, which lead to the award of the Engineering 'S'-Letter, and with other distinguished awards. We all celebrate the year's activities and accomplishments at the Annual 'S'-Dance, which is tentatively scheduled this year for March 24, 1979.

If you, as an individual or a representative of your class, wish to participate in sports, contact the commissioner of the area you are interested in.

President	Tim Maryon	978-2607
Secretary-Treasurer	Bob Hill	226-0785
Director of Athletics	John Cocchio	531-1691
Commissioners:		
Aquatics	Henry Vehovec	249-6677
Basketball	Chris Mifflin	979-2490
Football	Albert Wong	536-6786
Hockey	Roy Gibson	444-0739
Lacrosse	Mark Gray	423-1209
Rugby	Remus Gudelis	928-9341
Soccer	Seaton Chase	978-2609
Squash	Tom Bernard	923-8450
Track & Field	Derek Samaroo	621-9190
Volleyball	Ararat Hacetoglu	923-0276
Women's Sports	Pat Murray	279-6895

Skule Football: TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD!

St. Mikes vs Skule

The LGMB played, the fans cheered, and the two undefeated teams of the first division clashed in a cataclysmic battle. St. Mikes and Skule, both 1 and 0, met for the first time of the season filled with high hopes, and dreams of glory.

Engineering struck first with a single point on a missed John Skrypek field goal. St. Mikes came back with a two-point safety touch on a blocked punt. In the second quarter Skule scored twice with touchdown passes from QB Sunil Tarneja to Ken Mehi and John Skrypek. The hard running of halfback Bill Mandolidis and an interception by the defense set up the touchdowns. Both conversions failed and the half ended 13-2 for Skule.

In the second half, St. Mikes suddenly came to life and the Engineering offense withered. An unending stream of penalties, fumbles, and interceptions gave St. Mike's all the opportunities they needed. A weakness in Skule's zone pass defence was soon taken advantage of by the experienced St. Mikes team, and by the time the dust cleared, St. Mikes had won 17-13.

Vic vs Skule

The game started badly as Vic took the opening kickoff and moved the ball right down to the Engineering 20 yard line before settling for a field goal. Skule struck back with a touchdown by Lou Filippi later on in the first quarter.

The second quarter was dominated by the Skule defense, and an interception lead to an unsuccessful fake field goal attempt. Later, another interception



... a Scarborough running play lead to this fumble, and the ever-alert Skule defensive squad was able to recover.

tion by the Skule defense went for nought after the offense failed to capitalize on the opportunity.

The second half began with Skule very aware of their collapse in the second half of the St. Mikes game. This time, the defense held together, and the offense kept moving behind the strong running of Lou Filippi and Bill Mandolidis. The offensive line had little trouble punching holes through a tiring Vic defense, and a touchdown finally resulted as Bill Mandolidis ran the ball over the goal line. By this time, the outcome of the game was obvious and Scott Fowler's field goal at the end of the third quarter was merely icing on the cake.

Scarborough vs Engineering

On Friday, the Skule team made their annual trip out to the wilds of eastern Toronto to meet

Scarborough in the only away specialty teams throughout the game of the season. In spite of the date being Friday the 13th, things seemed lucky, as we found the field without getting lost. The game started well, with Bill Mandolidis scoring the first touchdown on a running play. The convert was blocked, an indication of the poor play of the

the referees.

The second half was much like the first. Scarborough continued with their hard hitting and occasionally dirty defense; however, a better balance of talent between offence and defense would have been to Scarborough's advantage. All the scoring in the third quarter occurred on a single by Chuck Lilley and a touchdown pass to John Skrypek, set up by a long pass to Ken Mehi from Sunil Tarneja. In the fourth quarter, Scarborough came close to scoring, getting to Skule's one yard line before being stopped on a third down gamble by a strong Skule defensive performance. In fact, the Engineering defensive squad was strong all day, shutting out Scarborough in the game, which ended 15-0 for Skule.

Standout performances were put in by Chuck Lilley, Ron Maruyo, and John Sisson.

Come out to see the next game tomorrow (Friday) at 4:15 on the Back Campus beside Hart House as Skule takes on the undefeated St. Mikes squad.

ENGINEERING WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

Well, girls, we're under way again, and we have a body shortage. All girls interested in playing hockey for Engineering should sign up now. Previous knowledge of the game and skating skills are not required — you can learn as we go along. The main objective is to have fun.

Badminton and Swimming will be starting soon, so watch.

Sign-up Areas:

- 1) Third Floor, Old Metro Library Building (outside the Stores, next to the Coke machine).
- 2) Second Floor, Galbraith

Building (Women's washroom).
3) Second Floor, Wallberg Building (Chem Common Room).

Note: Volleyball notices will be up shortly, for competition after Christmas. Hockey will also be played after Christmas.



... Skule quarterback Sunil Tarneja kept the game on the ground after pass receiver Ken Mehi was molested by Scarborough's Raule Elliot.

SCORES AND STATISTICS

Football Standings

	G.P.	W	L	PF	PA	P
St. Mikes	4	4	0	50	18	8
Engineering	4	3	1	54	20	6
Victoria	4	1	3	27	67	2
Scarborough	4	0	4	13	39	0

Lacrosse Scores

Engineering 11	Forestry 3
Meds 5	Engineering 1
Engineering 11	Trinity 4

Soccer

Scarborough 2	Sr. SPS 1
Erindale 5	Sr. SPS 1
St. Mikes 2	Sr. SPS 0
SGS 1	Jr. SPS 0
Victoria 3	Jr. SPS 2

Rugger

Engineering 12	Phys. Ed. 6
Engineering 0	Trinity 0

WIN IN A CAREER WITH Burroughs

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— ELECTRICAL
— MECHANICAL
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MANAGEMENT SYSTEMS, M.B.A.
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IN WINNIPEG, WE ARE INVOLVED IN DESIGN, DEVELOPMENT, AND MANUFACTURE OF COMPUTER PERIPHERALS. IF YOUR GOAL IS TO BE A PROFESSIONAL WHO CAN MEET THE CHALLENGES OF ADVANCING TECHNOLOGY, TAKE THE TIME NOW TO CHECK OUR FILE IN THE PLACEMENT OFFICE — AND GET YOUR RESUME TOGETHER!

INTERVIEWS ARE SCHEDULED VIA PRE-SCREENING ONLY

Burroughs



BUSINESS MACHINES LIMITED
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



Calling all cute butts

By Henry Vehovec
Aquatics Commissioner

This is all part of the fun you can have when you come out and help Skule defend its third consecutive interfaculty swim meet title. The competition, scheduled for Wednesday November 15, 1978, is a one night affair and will put only a minor dent in your solidly booked social calendar.

Now I know you're all asking, "I really want to help the team, but am I good enough?" Well, if you have ever run through a sprinkler with a bathing suit on, you're good enough. If you can open your eyes underwater, or do a jellyfish float you might be good enough for a medal. Do you get the drift? It's the participation that counts!

Now you must be clamouring, "where do I sign up?" The place to go is the Engineering Stores (upstairs at the Old Metro Library) and leave your name

and phone number in the aquatics box. If you would like additional information phone Henry Vehovec at 249-6677.

PS - Keep stroking hard and collect valuable S-POINTS! Especially F!rosh.

SKULE NITE GETS PISSED (YOU CAN, TOO)

West wasn't here, and the Bakes had imbibed a spot too much tea, so all I'll say is that if you missed last Tuesday's writing meeting and want to know about the next one, put a note in the Skule Nite mailbox, or call me (249-5853).

PS - Call me Graham.

If you didn't already know it, the correct dates for Skule Nite Auditions are two (2) of **NOVEMBER 21, 22, and 23** NOT as indicated on the calendar (sorry, Claudia). More about this later.



Contest Rules:

1) The deadline for all submissions will be 6:00 PM on Tuesday, October 31, 1978. Submissions may be mailed to the Toike Oike, 20 St. George St., Third Floor, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2E4, or by campus mail, or may be hand delivered to the Toike Office or the Toike Oike mailbox in the Engineering Society area.

2) Entries will be judged by the Editorial Staff of the Toike Oike (all members appear on the masthead) and no favouritism will be permitted. The number of old verses submitted will have a bearing on the choice of a winner, but the main criterion for selecting the best entry will be originality and

WIN!

A case of BRADOR

(or your choice of brew)

The North Atlantic Squadron

All you need to do is compose a new verse for the song, "North Atlantic Squadron". Submit your new verse, along with all the old verses you can remember, to the Editorial Offices of the Toike Oike by 6:00PM on Tuesday, October 31, 1978. Entries will be judged according to the number of verses submitted, and the quality of the new verse. After judging (and sorting out of all repeated and undesirable verses) the resultant version of the song will be printed in the November 9th issue of the Toike.

pertinency of the composed entry. It must be noted that entries which are too obscene (do not exercise some degree of tact) and entries which are too clean (and thus do not fit the spirit of the song) will not fare as well as entries which are a happy blend of both.

3) All entries and all verses submitted must fit the meter of the original song.

4) All students, staff, and faculty of the University of Toronto are eligible to enter. If a selection is chosen as the winner, it will not be the official winner until the person who submitted it is identified as a member of the University of Toronto community (i.e., student, staff, or faculty).

5) Each entry must be accompanied by the name,

address, and telephone number of one real person, who will be denoted as the submitter of the entry. Names will not be published unless permission is given; however, the winner (and if the winning entry comes from a group, winners) must consent to allow his or her name (or their names) to be published, along with a photograph, as a condition of winning the contest.

6) There is no rule number 6.

7) No photocopies in any entry will be allowed.

8) There is no limit to the number of entries which may be submitted by any one group or person; however, each entry must be submitted separately from the others.

This is your last chance to enter

DJ'S NEW DISCO DANCE



Position: Heels together, arms down and at sides, palms in.
Movement: Swing arms, side-ways, upward to vertical, and return.



Position: Arms at side, horizontal, back slightly arched.
Movement: Circle arms back-ward.



Position: Arms on hips.
Movement: Forward bend.



Position: Same as Exercise 10.
Movement: Side-ward bend, right and left.



Position: Same as Exercise 10.
Movement: Back-ward bend.



Position: Same as Exercise 10.
Movement: Arm circles, down-ward, inward, across chest. Reverse the movement.

no cover

30¢ Draft — still a real bargoon!

no minimum

FREE DISCO LESSONS

at 8:30 Every Thursday
Night starting 26 October

DJ's
Beef Buffet
Bonanza
only 1.99

DJ'S
HYDRO PLACE
700 University Ave
595-0700

Present this coupon with \$ 1.99 for a complete roast beef dinner including boulangere potatoes, salad and DJ's homemade bread and butter. This coupon is valid after 5 p.m. for dinner Monday through Saturday only until December 1st, 1978. Licensed under LLBO.